

Unworthy

by Villanelle

Category: Fushigi Yuugi

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-13 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-13 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:09:27

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,763

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A yaoi fic on Tasuki and Chichiri. Chichiri is unsure if he is worthy enough for Tasuki's love. Really sappy. Read it if you wish. Thanks to those who reviewed my work, btw.  
:)

Unworthy

My leg fell asleep beneath me. I never knew I have been sitting down THAT long. I sighed, stood up and turned for the door. I stepped out of the room, and down the hall of the Konan castle. I turned down the corner.

><br>And there he was.

><br>He was leaning down the ledge, staring at the fishpond, apparently deep in thought. I smiled and almost chuckled beneath my mask, after all, this was an interesting sight. The young bandit never seemed to stop to think before he does anything, so it was rare to see him with his face so serious, forehead scrunched up and frowning.

><br>SPLASH!!

><br>I couldn't stop myself from summoning a spell to force him tumbling into the shallow fishpond. If it was rare for him to be serious, then I have a right to be rarely mischievous. He would probably forgive me anyway, he always does, right?

><br>Wrong move. Now he is staring at me, his face full of humorous outrage. His fiery red hair hung limply on the sides of his face. I blushed and tried to ignore the heat rushing through my body as my eyes pawed the glorious brown skin being slowly exposed by his clothes that are now sheer because of the water. The fact that his wet clothes clung to his skin, highlighting the muscular folds of his body was enough to make me shiver in the suddenly cold wind. I shook my head to clear it of such thoughts. Now is not the time to think about him like this. I have to get out of here.

><br>Not a chance. "What the hell did you do that for?" he growled.

><br>Ah, those fangs. How I wish to flick my tongue at its sharp edges right now...I blushed again and quickly dismissed that thought.

Thank Suzaku for my mask or else everyone would have seen me raking my eyes on every feature of his body. Tsk tsk. Just the thought of everyone finding out of our feelings for each other made me shudder. But still...

><br> "You seemed so serious, no da, so I thought of having a little fun, no da!" I replied cheerfully.

><br>He smirked. "If you're allowed to have fun, then so should I, right?"

><br>Before I could say anything, I was wet. He had grabbed me and in one swift motion threw me in the water. He is now sitting in the pond right next to me, grinning triumphantly, while I, my eye wide in surprise for being caught off-guard, tried to salvage the situation.

><br>Self-consciously, I fixed my kesa so it could cover my sheer white shirt before it reveals anything I don't want him to see. But before I could do that, he already grabbed my kesa and has used it to dry his hair.

><br>"Anou, Tasuki no da!" I protested. "Please don't do that to my kesa no da!"

><br>"Hmph!" he snapped. "This is your punishment for throwing me in the water!" He continued to rub my kesa, which has now turned into a crumpled heap of silk, into his hair. I reached for his arm. "Stop no da! Don't do that to my kesa, please no da!" I pleaded. "You already threw me in the water, isn't that enough as a punishment, no da?"

><br>He suddenly stopped rubbing his hair with my kesa, and with a glint in his eye he grabbed my wrists and pinned them above my head, making me lean back into the water. While I gasped in surprise, his head bent down on the side of my cheek, right over my ear. "Throwing you in the water wasn't the punishment I have in mind, you know," he whispered, his hot breath tickling my ear.

><br>I sighed softly. "It wasn't, no da?" I whispered back. "Then what do you have in mind, no da?"

><br>"Something better than last night," he replied, grinning evilly. "Something much, much, better."

><br>I closed my eye and allowed myself to lean more back into the water, as I repeated last night's activity in my mind. The glorious expanse of his naked body glittering in the half-lit night, the feel of his skin with mine, the warmth of his chest, and the ecstasy of being one with him...

><br>"Hey!" His voice brought me back from my reverie. I opened my eye and stared up at him. "Yes, no da?"

><br>"I thought I lost you for a moment there," he said, as he removed his grip on my wrists and gently collected me in his arms. I sighed contentedly as I leaned on his chest. "You were with me even in my daydreams, no da. You don't have to worry about losing me, no da."

><br>He smiled as his lips explored the side of my face. I sighed again and nudged my cheek gently to his lips, urging him to go on. In response, he continued trailing his lips on my cheek until it rested slowly to reside on the side of my neck.

><br>I bit back a moan, I wouldn't want anyone to hear us. I opened my eye and that was when I realized just what exactly we were doing, and just WHERE we are doing it.

><br>I pulled myself from his embrace. "Tasuki no da!" I gasped, standing up from the pond. "We shouldn't be doing this here for everyone to see, no da!"

><br>He frowned below me, and grabbed my arm. "What?" he asked. "We aren't doing anything wrong, right?"

><br>"No, no da, but I would like to keep this a secret, no da." I

looked around frantically just in case anyone has seen us. "What if someone sees us, no da?"

><br>His face fell, and he turned away from me, crossing his arms. "You're embarassed of me?"

><br>I stopped my attempt to see if that person I saw running away back there was Tamahome or not and looked down at him. "Tasuki no da..."

><br>"What, Chichiri?" he turned back at me, his face unpaintable with his look of fury. I winced. I have done something I never wanted to do. I have hurt his feelings. And seeing the look of anger and hurt in his face made me hurt inside too. It was unbearable, seeing him like that. I have to fix this.

><br>"Iie, no da." I sighed and sat back down in the pond. Never mind that my clothes are soaking wet now. "Its just that...I want to tell them myself about our relationship. I don't want them to just catch us and assume that we have lied to them, no da."

><br>He continued to look away from me, his arms still crossed. I waited for him to reply, but it seemed as if my words have fallen on deaf ears.

><br>So this is it. He is rejecting me. This time I felt hurt. I have never felt this hurt before. The last time was seeing Hikou and Kouran kissing, but now...this feels even more worse. Almost like hell has descended on me and is making me feel its wrath by killing me slowly...

><br>I stood up, destroying the peaceful beauty of the pond. I grabbed my kesa from the water next to him and left.

><br>I haven't ran that far from the pond when strong arms suddenly found its way to my waist. Before I knew it my back was leaning on a very strong and warm chest. Lips has found its way to my neck, and the owner gently breathed on my ear. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

><br>I leaned back even further, almost moaning when I felt the warmth between his thighs being pressed behind me. "Its all right, no da," I whispered. I could forgive him for anything. I would do anything for him.

><br>He continued nuzzling my neck, his arms moving up and down my front. His hands explored the folds of my shirt, and I sighed in response to his ministrations.

><br>"I want to make love to you now," he said softly, and I gasped, turning around to look at him.

><br>"What?" he asked, looking hurt.

><br>I hesitated. "What if...what if someone sees us, no da?"

><br>"If someone sees us, who cares?" he asked. "Who cares what people think?" He cupped my chin in his hands. "You care too much about them, Chichiri. No wonder you stopped being happy. You shouldn't let them stop you from what you want to do. You keep on hiding behind that mask of yours, didn't you even stop to think that you're beautiful without it?" He planted a kiss gently at my forehead. "I love you and I don't care what people say about it. I want to show you how I feel about you, Chichiri, and who the hell cares if people see us!" He grinned ruefully. "Its not as if I'll love you any less, ya know..."

><br>Little did he know that I was practically crying on his chest as I digested everything he said. Tasuki was never much with words and he rarely pours out his feelings to anyone like this. I felt honored and so unworthy of his love. What would he want with me, a monk without a life?

><br>I shuddered in his arms and he looked down at me. "Hey now," he said gently, running a finger on my cheek, now stained with tears.

"Whatcha crying about now?" I couldn't answer but my eye was probably enough to show him how I doubted myself and his love for me. "I meant everything I said, ya know," he murmured, pressing his lips on mine to indicate so.

><br>I shivered again, feeling the warmth of his lips engulfing mine. I reached for him desperately, but I suddenly stopped, feeling shy and unworthy again. I felt the heat of a blush surrounding my face. He noticed it, and gently embraced me again.

><br>"Would you like me to show you how much I really meant what I said?" he whispered in my ear. Sure this time, I nodded. I trust him completely now, and I love him.

><br>He lay me down on the grass, slowly supporting my back with his arm. He is so gentle, my beloved Tasuki.

><br>He proceeded to prove to me the passion of his feelings for me, and once again, I felt loved. And I have never, ever, felt so happy in my entire life.

><br>

>--The End-- <p><p>

End  
file.